Long True-Story Literature

Train of Life

Author: In Hun
Translated by Han Chan Do

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Chapter 2. Looking Forward to the Future

A human being, big or small, has his life history.

I am a reading newspaper.

On The Tribune dated December 20, 2002, was an article about Vishwanath with his photograph with doctor's medal banded around his neck.

It reminded me of his forefathers. They were all doctors. Dr. Salig Ram Sharma, Dr. Chibba and Dr. Vishwanath…

Dr. Vishwanath was renowned as a journalist of the paper and now his story was reported on this paper.

He was worldly known essayist, advertiser and social activist. He started his reporter job in The Tribune 60 years ago, and now the paper was proud of him.

The Tribune remembered Vishwanath, the synonym of Interads and standard-bearer of the ideology of the times.

Vishwanath told me there was no par excellence in the world.

The title of the article in the paper was "By All Accounts, an Adman Par Excellence."

I asked him how he had lived his life.

He answered.

"I did not wait for my oncoming fate. I tried to shape my fate."

As if telling his life traces, on his office walls were hung a large number of the diploma, the certificates of medals, the honorary titles and the degrees he had received from the different countries.

It was true that he had created his life.

Looking through his window into the busy traffic street, he said, "Human life is full of opportunities." His saying meant a lot.

The Tribune tells about him in detail.

By All Accounts, an Adman Par Excellence

At 76, he can look back and say that he battled all the odds and came up the hard way. At this age, he can also say that a new agenda

has to be set and the reinvention of the self has to start all over again.

So, despite the Mercedes Benz at the doorstep and the comfort of an expensive leather-bound chair, Vishwanath likes to sweat it out both in his age-old office and in his swank gym.

"I just worked hard on the opportunities that came to me." he says.

Success has not been easy. His peers speak of the energy and the doggedness with which he pursued accounts and won over potential clients.

They all recall with a hint of envy how most of his professional accounts transformed themselves into life-long personal relationships.

"He wouldn't give up chasing an account and used to be on his toes perhaps all the 24 hours of the day," they say.

They also doff their caps to his effort at organizing the advertising sector.

He was the founder-president of the National Council of Advertising Agencies in India and the founder-president of the Delhi Advertising Club.

The hard work shows. Vishwanath did not even have the money to find a shelter for himself in Delhi after the partition of the country.

Today, he heads 3 billion rupees advertising empire that spans not only this country but several others across the globe.

His list of achievements speaks for itself. His Company, Interads, was the first advertising agency to bag the prestigious Clio International Award in 1987. The award is likened to the Oscars in advertising. Interads is also the only company to be listed in the Limca Book of World Records.

Personally, Vishwanath has been awarded the International Kim Il Sung Prize this year. Earlier, he had been awarded a doctorate in socio-political sciences by the Government of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea and the International Friendship Award by the erstwhile Government of the USSR.

Presently, he is serving as the Director-General of the International Institute of the Juche Idea which has its headquarters in Tokyo.

Interestingly, he started his career, after passing out from the Mayo School of Arts, with The Tribune in Lahore in 1943 as an

apprentice reporter.

The then General Manager of the paper, P. L. Sondhi, advised him to switch to the business side. Vishwanath took the advice and was soon in the thick of selling.

"There were few brands then and fewer advertisers. The operations were clean unlike what we have today," he reflects. As he reminiscences about the days when he went about learning the ropes, he remembers, "Soft drinks were then locally produced and were known as Punjab Kesri drinks.

Till 1948, Coca Cola was handed out free.

Then there was this face cream called Tibet Snow. It used to be very popular.

In one week of my starting, I landed five accounts for my company Laurals."

Partition meant starting off once again.

He came to Delhi and tramped through its streets looking for a job.

The rarest of rare opportunity came his way.

"One day, I was strolling near the Soviet Centre when a man came out and we got talking. The Soviets wanted to start the magazine 'Soviet Land' and were looking for a suitable local hand. I took it on."

From composing to printing and even editing, Vishwanath did everything virtually single-handedly.

The Soviets were obviously pleased by his effort for the association deepened and broadened.

In 1962, he opened Interads office in Moscow, perhaps the first Indian advertising agency to do so.

A London office was the next one to be opened.

Vishwanath and his company had truly arrived at the international level.

Today, it handles over 200 national and international accounts.

Besides, it has set up more than 450 exhibitions for various clients both at home and abroad.

"Times have changed fast," Vishwanath says, "There is so much cut-throat competition in this field now that it has become difficult to play as per rules of the game.

Everybody wants and gives discounts that are below ethical

levels. The margins have been squeezed to the extent that it does not make business sense to run agencies any more."

Yet, he says with a wry smile. "They say that the agency business is doing well."

Reading the article about him, I visited The Tribune now situated in Chandigarh. I could find neither P. L. Sondhi nor Vishwanath but could see his footprints. This helped me with a teeming brain

1. The Journalism comes in pace with advertisement

Vishwanath is in a beautiful life. This being the case, how beautiful his prime life was!

At the age of 20, he graduated from the college. All the students flied apart; some to the business centres, some to the companies…

Altaf who studied the law became a lawyer in Lahore court.

Vishwanath wished him good luck.

"Where shall I go?"

His mind was in a cloud of joy.

The vast estate of Sharma family spread out before Vishwanath, looking forward to his return. Lots of farmers there would touch his feet, upon his arrival. He could reign over his kingdom.

His great grandfather's brother was waiting for him not only because he was the eldest son of the family but also because he was energetic with a clear head.

However, the hope pinned in the mind of this young man was flying over the vaster world as the cranes carved on the gates of his native house.

His mind full with the higher education was flying higher and higher, removing the darkness of his land that kept the cloud of the patriarchal feudalism.

If he had no hope, he could not spread his beautiful wings.

He thought. "The land is in the safe hands of his parents. I could fly first and then land on my estate anytime."

Looking forward to the future, his energy and zeal were erupting as the uncontrollable volcano.

He studied the journalism, the commercial finance in the college, and was well versed in journalism and business.

He had a strong desire to control the public opinion of the world.

He thought. “Without a wide-range of knowledge of economy, I can not expect any slightest success in my life.”

He had a comprehensive thought and a stretch of imagination.

After graduation, he went to The Tribune and met P. L. Sondhi.

He welcomed him, with a kind smile.

Now, he could begin as a professional journalist, at his own discretion.

He had given his mother Durgadevi his first salary. She said that she would keep it through her life, and wished him good luck.

His articles were pouring out. The ordinary men as well as the men of high position read his articles, as those articles contained the appeal of conscience and suggested the social problems

Vishwanath’s fame was snowballed.

In the busy days of writing and reading other newspapers, an idea flashed into his mind. He thought he would take the first place in advertising.

He began to search the advertisement orders.

One day, Vishwanath introduced himself to the president of the National Bank of Punjab State, after his press conference was over. The president said he knew his name through the papers. It was and is a big bank with 100 branches all over India.

After talking a few sweet words about his bank, Vishwanath asked his favour of giving his advertisement orders to The Tribune. Vishwanath already knew that this bank had the bad relations with The Tribune.

He said. “Of course, The Tribune is a big paper, but the paper reported a bad story about my bank and me, so I do not give my advertisement order to it”

This was as Vishwanath predicted. The seasoned and skillful president would not open the door of his dignity for this young journalist. However, he could read the sincerity in the voice of Vishwanath.

“It is the past story. I wish you big men have reconciliation and give your ads in our paper.”

“No, I won’t.”

He seemed to consider his self-respect. With this abrupt answer, he went away.

After a few days, Vishwanath went to a ceremony in which the bank president was expected to be present. This time, Vishwanath had said just “Hellow, sir!”

The president called Vishwanath.

“Vishwanath, I gave a serious thought to your idea. And I decided to have reconciliation with your paper.”

Vishwanath’s mind cried out “Bravo!” Vishwanath knew the psych of the businessmen.

“Thank you, Mr. President. I will visit you tomorrow.”

“OK”

The following day, Vishwanath collected the orders of ads from the bank.

It was P.L. Sondhi who was happy. “While working as a journalist, you collected even the ads orders. I will raise your salary by 10%.”

Since then, Vishwanath did both.

Yes, journalism goes in pace with advertisement.

This was his first ads collection job, but later he became the ads king.

The Tribune began to be attracted to Vishwanath.

Practical men go before others.

Remembering those days, Vishwanath said.

“In my younger days, I killed three birds with one stone. I studied, made money and knew the reality. This was my first step into the ads world.”

In his younger days, Vishwanath correctly judged too many things and paved up his way himself.

The time will come when Vishwanath crave for the true human and the national dignity, looking at the fall of the countries that had boasted of their material civilization.

2. Marriage in the Prime of Life

It is natural that the popular boys attract girls.

Vishwanath was no exception. He was handsome and energetic in activities and well-known young journalist. Every girl would like this young boy. In addition, he was from a rich family.

Love is unknown world for the boys and girls in their twenties. In this world of love, they were full of joy everyday.

The spring of love seems to come to the minds of the girls first.

In The Tribune, there was a girl proof-reading journalist who was a classmate of Vishwanath. She was the first reader of all the articles written by Vishwanath.

Her name was Parkash!

Parkash means "light." She wanted to shed light to Vishwanath. Vishwanath liked that light, too.

When both of them happened to meet in the corridor, she was shy. Vishwanath found himself falling in love with her.

Parkash who knew the popularity of Vishwanath since the college days was fond of his pouring articles, gradually burning flames of love for him. The light was getting near to Vishwanath. Everything had gone when they could have proper view of love and life.

The situation of the country became worse and worse.

The conflict between the Muslims and the Hinduists being aggravated; they killed each other here and there. Some families that had discomfort at this had moved to the safe areas in a night. It was more so in Lahore that had more Muslims and Hinduists.

Every month, Vishwanath had visited his native home. In December that year, Vishwanath went home to celebrate Christmas.

Vishwanath's father introduced him Kishen Gopal, his old friend. Kishen was with his wife and daughter.

Badrinath Chibba and Kishen were the graduates of Randhir college in Patiala State. Badrinath Chibba specialized in the medicine and Kishen in the economics.

Without any knowledge about that, Vishwanath enjoyed the holiday with his family members. The daughter of Kishen was silent

with her head dropped. She seemed to be simple and honest by nature.

Her name was Santosh Kumari, 18 years old.

Santosh (meaning. satisfaction) and Kumari (meaning. a girl or daughter): Was Santosh Kumari, then, the satisfaction-giving girl?

But she was wearing the spectacles.

After one-week stay at Vishwanath's house, they left. Vishwanath saw them off at the bus stop. At that time, Vishwanath had no idea why they stayed at his home for Christmas. He did pay all his courtesy for the friends of his father. If he had known all the facts, he would have been totally surprised.

After their departure, Durgadevi told everything to her son.

Badrinath Chibba, too, confirmed his decision.

"I'd better get you marry soon, as you get income. I think Santosh Kumari is suitable for you."

Vishwanath fainted. "I still have a long way to go. Why should I get married so early? Unlike fruit-bearing, the marriage has no season."

The beautiful face of Parkash was wavering before his eyes. He had talked with her nothing but friendship.

Today, the marriage takes place on the basis of equality, mutual respect, mutual understanding and agreement between the partners.

However, at that time, they had to marry the partners chosen by their parents, without even seeing their faces, in a feudalistic way. Vishwanath saw his partner's face before marriage. This only fact told the civilization of his family.

Has this feudal method of marriage gone, today?

Of course yes but not completely. It still remains in this vast country with so many populations. Even now, the arranged marriages are about 15% in India and over 50% in the rural areas. It was never tolerable, at all to go against the will of the parents.

Vishwanath who had worked in Lahore hardly knew that Kishen Gopal who was a money lender in Ludhiana, a city in Punjab State frequently visited Badrinath Chibba to arrange the marriage between Vishwanath and his daughter.

The eyes of the parents with the daughters reach the popular boys.

At that time, in Pandori Bibi village, they were talking about

Vishwanath's marrage issue.

Their fathers were close friends and the marriage issue was already fixed in spite of Vishwanath's reluctance.

"O, what should I do before this surprising stark reality?"

Vishwanath could not accept the will of his parents. He could not refuse it without any reason, either. There must be some reason.

"I am too young to get married. And I…I do not like… the girl with the glasses."

Immediately, Vishwanath came back to Lahore.

He wanted to be lost in the event covering and writing. In spite of himself, he was missing Parkash.

What happened?

He could see her nowhere in the rush-hour streets, the gatherings or in the corridors.

At last, he knew her family had moved to somewhere else, in the meantime. Her Hinduist family had moved to the middle part of India, in uneasiness in this Muslim city. Vishwanath did not know her whereabouts.

"Where, on earth, are you Parkash, my light?"

Undoubtedly, the light must have longed for someone, and at last flickered up and blown away by the wind of fate.

"O, the wind of the religious dispute that sweeps over this land! How mercilessly you have divided the love and fate of the young people. You are the source of discord."

In the New Year when Vishwanath went home, Badrinath Chibba showed him a photo of the girl without the glasses.

It was clear that his father informed her parents of his complaints. He had nothing to say any more.

Vishwanath went out in silence. Sometimes, silence is the token of agreement and sometimes disagreement.

Day by day, Vishwanath felt the world becoming troublous.

The religious fight was getting worse and worse; a lot of people were moving away. The people were wrapped in horror and discomfort.

At last, Vishwanath received a telegram from his father.

"Mother seriously ill. Come quickly."

Vishwanath said he still keeps the telegram.

It was on April 23, 1947.

It was the hottest season in India.

Vishwanath came home immediately but found his house full of songs and drum beating sounds. He entered his house, stupefied. His younger brother came up to him and said. “Brother, you are getting married tomorrow.”

“What about the mother’s illness?”

He wanted to run away but Sharma’s family did not let him go and brought him in.

Everybody was happy but Vishwanath saw his future all-dark.

He said, crying. “I will not get married.”

Everybody persuaded him.

He wondered why marriage coming before love.

“O the marriage! What is your condition? If it is love, I have never fallen in love. Love can not be imposed even by my parents, can’t it?”

Later when Vishwanath became a father, he gave his children the freedom of marriage, but his younger days stayed in the old era.

At the sleepless night, he wrote a poem.

O my boyhood!
How much I love thee!
O the days of a free “emperor”!
Thou willst come to an end
Once and for all in a day.
Stop there please, my good days!
…

Forever I will live in the days of “emperor”, if possible.
O my boyhood!
May thou belongst to me forever.
…

Tell me, my heart!
How can I farewell my boyhood freely
Before I even understand this world.

The only word of my comfort at this night
Is that I may not farewell my youth hood,

Even after my boyhood had gone.

A dawn was breaking for Vishwanath writhing with the boyhood dreams.

According to the Indian traditions, the wedding ceremony takes place for seven days.

The first wedding day is the opening ceremony day that takes place normally in the restaurants for family and relatives' meeting.

The second wedding day takes place in temples for the religious rituals. Twelve monks read the Buddhist scripture, while the others burn fragrant wood, pouring oil on the fire to send off the evils. This is a vegetarian day.

On the third day, the boy goes to the girl for the engagement. They exchange rings, jewels and other souvenirs. Girl's side gives souvenirs or money to all members of the boy's family, whereas boy's side gives souvenir only to the girl.

On the fourth day, they paint colorful designs on hands and feet of all women participants in the wedding. This paint is obtained from Henna tree and the colour lasts for a month. Rich families invite the painting experts from Mumbai at costly price.

On the fifth day, the bride's side invites groom's people to a reception.

On the sixth day, the bride goes to the groom's house, after the ceremony. All the family and relatives on both sides sing and dance from 7 pm to 6 am the following day.

On the seventh day, the groom's side invites the bride's side to a reception, and then the 7-day long wedding ceremony comes to an end.

This tradition goes on even today in India and Pakistan.

The size of ceremony depends on their affording ability.

Rich families exchange diamond rings worthy of USD 20 000 – 50 000 whereas the poor USD 10 – 20.

Vishwanath was not pleased with this tradition, but had no other choice.

What a fortune! Vishwanath's wedding was planned to be over in one day. His parents told him. He sighed of relief, as if he had escaped from the death.

The bloody conflicts between the two religions started in

August 1940 was more aggravated in 1947, causing five million casualties.

The state declared a curfew between 4 pm and 8 am.

In the wedding day morning, Vishwanath welcomed the bride coming from Ludhiana city in a bus for the wedding.

The bride did not wear the glasses. The parents of both parties met.

More than 100 people participated in the wedding ceremony. It took place in a hotel in the suburbs of Ludhiana city. It is one of the four big cities in Punjab State. It was one-hour drive from Pandori Bibi village by bus.

Vishwanath and Santosh Kumari were blessed by all.

They arrived home before the curfew time. Many of the Sharma family members enjoyed themselves.

Vishwanath waited for a chance to run away from the house.

Without a notice, he gave a message to a doorkeeper and asked him to give it to his family after 10 pm and went away. After it was disclosed, nobody could come after him because it was after the curfew time.

The message read that he went to Lahore with good-bye.

Without the bridegroom, the wedding night passed.

Vishwanath's parents were sorry to her parents but understood Vishwanath to some extent.

The following morning, Vishwanath's parents came to Lahore, with Santosh Kumari.

They tried to make him understand, without shouting at him. It was Vishwanath who shouted. "Where can I keep her? In this small dormitory room?"

At this, the bride was very much embarrassed. Vishwanath studied her face carefully, as if he noticed her presence only then.

He seemed to be waiting for the verdict of her fate. Vishwanath felt sorry for her. She was an innocent girl who did not know a slightest resistance.

"Could she really give me satisfaction, like her name meant?"

Vishwanath could not find out any romantic words to win her favour.

At the age of over 80, Vishwanath remembers those days.

"At that time, she behaved very well. Therefore, I changed my

mind and have lived with her until today. Now, I think my parents had chosen a sincere woman for me, so I made her take charge of the family and concentrated on my own job and succeeded, at last."

Vishwanath was right.

On that day, Vishwanath agreed with his parents that he would get a shelter, leaving her in their hands for a while.

Like this, Vishwanath got married at the age of 21, on April 24, 1947.

3. Partition of a country

India with a long history and rich culture has had the battles and the conflicts since before Christ, forming small kingdoms and replacing the dynasties.

India with a large territory and the enormous deposit of varieties of natural resources was the best "prey" for the greedy countries.

Islamic era began in the 11th century in India when the Muslims had invaded India.

In the period of the Muslim's rule, there were established the Delhi Dynasty, the Harji Dynasty and the Theghluk Dynasty. And it was invaded by the Mongolian Tugr Dynasty. India was ruled by Mugal Empire since 1526 and gradually began to decline around the late 16th century and the early 17th. And then, Portugal, the Netherlands, Britain and France invaded India, establishing the "East India Company."

The British colonialists established the monopolist hegemony in 1757 and colonized the whole India in 1858. They had ruled Muslim-occupied Pakistan, after separating it from India into a "crown colony." With a view to intensifying their colonial rule, after the anti-British resistance of the Indian people, they had ruled India by the British viceroy under the direct control of the British Queen.

With the intensification of the anti-British resistance, they recognized "autonomous India" in January 1940.

And they began the divide-and-rule policy in India, causing the political and religious conflicts. As a result, India had to witness the long-lasting conflicts in its own country.

In March 1940, the India Muslim's League demanded the

independence of the Muslim-dominated area from India, extremely aggravating the situation in 1947.

In many cities in India, they killed each other, because of the difference of the religion.

All the newspapers reported this situation.

Mohammed Ali Jinah, the leader of the Muslims advocated the "theory of two nations", demanding Pakistan from India. And India went against this theory, insisting that there could be two religions, as it was the multi-national and multi-ethnic state.

In July 1947, the British imperialists faked up the "law of independence of India", partitioning India and Pakistan, taking advantages of this religious antagonism. The cunning Britishers had ruled India for 300 years. At last, they partitioned India into two "autonomies" and made them declare independence on August 15, 1947. Why, then, did they give "independence"?

In 1914, Britain had had 33.5 million km^2 large colonial areas and 0.4 billion colonial populations.

Britain had won the World War I but due to its aftereffects, its state power had begun to decline. Since the 1920s, the anti-British movements had been intensified in India and the other colonies.

In the earlier part of the 19^{th} century, the Great British Empire was formed but disintegrated in 1931, giving a rise to the British Commonwealth that included the different sovereign states combined on the basis of the common loyalty to the British Queen. But Canada and Australia gained the substantial independence.

On the basis of the state policy to prevent any European countries emerging stronger than it, Britain had behaved as the "world police", resorting to the cunning diplomacy and adequate military intervention. It defeated France in the war against Napoleon, Russia in the Crimean War and Germany in the World War I, playing a leading role in the European politics.

In the 1930s, however, it had to compromise with the aggressive policy of getting-stronger Fascist Germany through the Munich Convention. This told Britain lost its position and ability as the strongest country in the world.

In the early World War II, Britain suffered from destructive setback, causing a lot of causalities.

In 1944, Britain along with the US army landed in Normandy to

attack Fascist Germany. However, after the war it gave a way to Soviet Union and the USA, with its falling international position, due to its enormous damages of war, eventually following the USA politically and economically.

The British Commonwealth remained symbolic. After the World War II, its economic growth dwindled.

It had to give up its illegal colonies one by one, under the international pressure.

When the Labour Party assumed the power, the situation changed more radically. This made the Islamic issue more acute.

Mahatma Gandhi did not want his country partitioned. However, 0.3 billion Hinduists and 0.1 Muslims were involved in the bloody fight over the country. In this situation, Mahatma Gandhi anxiously appealed for the peaceful unity.

However, the country was partitioned when it was to gain independence through decades of the bloody struggle. This gave a pain to Mahatma Gandhi.

At last, India was partitioned into two.

The day of the independence for India was the day of the jubilation and tragic day of partition of India at once.

While partitioning the country, the Britishers left a stone unturned for the Kashmir issue. This area still remains as a conflict area.

Through numerous talks, part of this area was under the Indian control and another part under Pakistan. However, the religious conflicts have no end even today. This example tells that the imperialists are the root cause of war and conflict.

Pakistan, a new Islamic State was created. The meaning of Pakistan is the “Land of Purity.” It was named by Mohammed Ali Jinah, its first viceroy. India was called Hindustan. Nevertheless, the Britishers began to call it India when they colonized her, 250 years ago

Great religious migration began, when India declared Hinduism as the state religion and Pakistan declared Islam as its state religion. Punjab State was the busiest area of migration.

Pakistan was again partitioned into the present Pakistan and Bangladesh in March 1971.

Mahatma Gandhi insisted on non-violation, coming to and from

Delhi and Punjab State, but ended in failure.

At last, Punjab State was divided into two, one part in India and the other part in Pakistan.

Lahore belonged to Pakistan, being the capital of the Pakistani Punjab State. And Chandigarh is the capital city of Punjab State in India.

The Tribune became a mess, too.

Vishwanath loved Lahore but had to leave Lahore. He calls Pakistan the motherland, even now. He speaks Urdu better than Hindi.

He had to say good-bye to everything that keeps the valuable memories.

"Is this the unavoidable fate? Is there no force in the world that could remove this fate?"

He had no other choice but to accept it, the heart-rending grief.

He had to say good-bye to dear P. L. Sondhi, the general manager of The Tribune. He was sad but had no idea of the future of The Tribune.

The partitioned country was chaotic.

The railway stations were a sheer shell. The trains were full of bags, boxes and packages. People were groaning here and there, without shelters.

Vishwanath witnessed all this. He felt the pain of the partition of the country.

"Where can I find the mental force that will save India with seven hundred million populations? What ideology can lead India to prosperity?"

He could not find out such an ideology. He could not find the universal ideology that could clarify the practical methods to achieve welfare, uniting the people in the world.

At the sight of the migrating group, he thought only the Heaven could help them.

Depicting this situation, the Indian literatures mentioned that it was a great tragedy that there was no great man in this world who could control the world with love and affection. There was no "savior of destiny."

Vishwanath had writhed, groping for the truth but in vain.

He reluctantly came back to Pandori Bibi village where there

lived his parents.

All members of Sharma family who had jobs in Lahore came to India, too.

Now, in India, there are one hundred and fifty million Muslims. India embraces the Hinduists, the Muslims, the Christians and the Sikhs.

In his native home, Vishwanath sighed of relief for a while.

While staying at home for a week, he thought on and on about his future life.

Youth days never come again. The costly pearl is lost.

"How can I live, without a proper ideology?"

He wanted to fly again to anywhere, looking forward to the bright future.

The old people in the lining of his grandfather requested him to manage the land of Sharma family, but his parents wanted their eldest son to be a bigger man. Santosh Kumari wanted her husband to stay at home with her. She prayed to Lord Shiva for the good of her husband.

He could not depend upon his parents.

At last, he rose, with a firm decision.

Vishwanath decided to find a job in Delhi. He told his parents his decision, adding that he would come to bring his wife when he got a job and a shelter in Delhi.

He had no guarantee. What was clear was that those who could not defend themselves could not defend their family and country.

He wanted to pave up his way by himself.

He had nothing to fear.

Before going to Delhi, he went to Lahore again to meet the old friends and the people there. He met Altaf and drank, lamenting over the partition of the country.

"Altaf, why should we part from each other?"

"What a tragedy it is!"

They were close friends, sharing the same soul and mind. Nevertheless, they had to part.

Was there no ideology that could clarify the road to a free, peaceful and prosperous new society, uniting humanity, transcending all differences?!

If there were, they would devote all their life for that.

“Good-bye, Vish.”

“Good-bye, Altaf.”

They hugged firm.

“Altaf, let not our minds part.”

“We are all in one.”

The young and energetic hearts were anxiously longing for the water that would quench their thirst. That water was free India Tagore had longed for.

Calling free India, Vishwanath recited a poem.

…
Come, the water that allays the thirst!
Come like waterfalls full of jubilation
And open this hardened heart!
The strong spring water comes
From mysterious darkness.
Thou art so pure: Come please!
Thou art old friend of the sun,
Hence, the sun is longing for thee.
Don’t thy lyric poems of light
Inspire golden poems in thy mind?

Thou art so bright: Come please!
Does the devil of desert try to imprison thee with stone lock,
Praying something to thee?
Break thy prison door
And rush here in flow, dancing freely.
Thou art so firm and invariable: Come please!

They thought the different ways for the train of a human life. However, they had to choose only one way.

Everything was clear for Vishwanath.

Where there is a will, there is a way.

“Let me go to Delhi, first.”

4. Opportunity given by God (2)

Those who are longing for freedom try to find out shelters that enabled them to work freely. So was the case with Vishwanath.

Upon arrival in Delhi, Vishwanath stayed in a small hotel and wandered about the city for a job.

Delhi is the centre of politics, economy and culture.

It is situated near the Jamuna River. It was a busy centre of the commerce, with roads, railways and international airports.

In this city, there are a lot of historical relics and sites including the Islamic architectures and the old astronomical observatory. Walking in the streets, Vishwanath thought of the future only.

Vishwanath had the relatives in Delhi, but he did not want to depend on them. He did not forget the lesson of the cool treatment he had received by R. R. Sharma.

He wandered about this and that streets alone but in vain.

He saw thousands of people in the street but found no friends.

Without a disappointment, he walked on and on. He was a man of strong will.

In the streets, he saw horse carts and taxis.

The British flags were hoisted down, and the Government was transferred to the Indians. Nevertheless, they had no experience of running the state, so they invited the foreigner advisors.

The people had waited for the bright future of independent India pinning hope. However, happy life does not come of its own accord.

The Indian people are hardworking people. Vishwanath desired that all of them live a peaceful life with the stable jobs

On the 3rd day, namely, September 15, 1947, he observed his 21st birthday. He felt the pressure of time.

After the brief breakfast, he began to walk again in the street. He did not spend much money for himself.

He did not know that he would find an opportunity of getting a job by chance. He had been in Delhi a few times before, but now he looked the city with the different eyes.

“Is it in vain, today, too? Should I go back to Pandori Bibi village? No, I can’t. I must break through this city by all means. As long as I am in life, I must not discard my hope.”

With this or that thought, he came to a big street. He saw the signboard "Barakamba Road" (meaning. 12 poles).

He was walking in Barakamba road, counting the electricity poles.

In the halfway of the street, he saw a group of people looking at the photos exhibited in front of the "Information Department of the Soviet Embassy" building.

Vishwanath also joind the group. There were photos of Stalin with moustache and other pictures telling the successes made by the socialist Soviet Union in rehabilitation of the national economy.

When he was watching the photos, someone came and asked in English. "What are you doing here?"

Vishwanath looked back and answered to the white foreigner "I am looking at the photos. They are posted here for the people to look, aren't they?"

The tall foreigner introduced himself.

"I am G. Effimov, the head of the Information Department of the Soviet Embassy. I want to make an acquaintance with you."

"I am Vishwanath, I am a professional journalist and came to Delhi after the partition of the country."

Effimov seemed to be happy to have found out a proper hand. "Can you help me in publishing a magazine for the Soviet Embassy?"

"Of course, I can"

He thought he must catch this opportunity, before it flied away.

Effimov took him to a room. The room was decorated so heavily that it gave a grave atmosphere. Cups of coffee were placed before them.

Without beating around the bushes, Effimov hit the point directly.

"Oncoming 7th of November is holiday of Soviet Union. On this occasion, we plan to publish a magazine 'Soviet Land'. Do you have an intention to take charge of publishing the first issue?"

"Yes, I can."

They had the practical conversations.

Effimov was a diplomat. As a diplomatic mission, he had to know the political view and ability of this young man.

"Have you read the books about the Soviet history?"

“Yes, some but not many.”

“Do you know the Soviet revolution?”

He was smiling but tried to look into the psychology of Vishwanath.

“Do you know Lenin and Stalin, for example?”

Vishwanath explained about the Soviet history.

“Of course I do. I am a journalist. On November 7, the Russian proletariats made the socialist October Revolution under the leadership of Lenin and founded the proletarian dictatorship state for the first time in the world after overthrowing the Tzar tyranny through the February Revolution in 1917.

As a man who had contributed to the socialist October Revolution, Stalin’s main merit is that he led to victory your fatherland war against Hitler’s fascists. I know he is a big man.”

Effimov was satisfied. He trusted this young man, thinking this young man would do the job as he wished.

He gave many books that introduced Soviet Union and the photos.

“Take these reference materials and edit them in about 40 pages.”

“Until when?”

“In a week. You are young and I think you can manage in a week.”

Effimov requested him to bring a sample in English.

Vishwanath guessed the Soviet people who won heroic victory in the fierce war against Fascist Germany try every effort to strengthen their international prestige.

In the war, German army lost 10 million lives and Soviet Union defended peace at the cost of losing 20 million lives. Soviet Union that recorded the heroic and touching event can be called a big power.

Personally, Vishwanath could help Soviet Union, without any conditions. He could understand Effimov, the Soviet Party and the Government.

Vishwanath shook hands with Effimov. In this room upholstered with the heavy curtains, they talked only the practical issues.

Vishwanath came out with a bag of the materials.

In this street unknown to him, Vishwanath had to go a long way of life.

Vishwanath had no idea what this opportunity would mean to him. Afterwards, Vishwanath could cross the threshold of the socialist Soviet Union.

Even now, Vishwansth said it was a second opportunity given by God.

A life is just like a collection of opportunities.

5. Into the "Utopian" World

A man has the rights to freedom and equality.

"Utopia", the ideal society that had been imagined for a long time was set up on the earth in the 20th century. It is better to visit that land.

In 1616, Thomas More wrote an imagination novel which explained an ideal society where everybody works together, leading a happy life in harmony. Humanity has been longing for such a society.

Those desires were also depicted in Tomaso Campanella's "City of the Sun" and Francis Bacon's "New Atlantis."

Socialism was depicted in a Utopian way in those stories. It was interesting for Vishwanath to know about the socialist Soviet Union.

In his school days, he read the book "City of the Sun" and knew the citizens there were the Indians.

He read the Soviet history and the other materials. He wrote the articles. Moreover, he tried to analyze the contents on the basis of dialectical materialism and the theory of socialism. He felt himself short of knowledge of socialism.

He read the books on Lenin and Stalin in libraries.

He tried to set his own view, reading Lenin's work on the theory of the possibility of victory of socialism in one or several countries, the Marxist theory of state and the law of the unequal

development in capitalism.

He tried to have a better understanding of Marxism-Leninism, while reading Stalin's works.

He had to think over and over to understand the meanings in them.

He missed Altaf Hussain with whom he could discuss all of this.

Philosophy books were piled up before Vishwanath. He reminded of a philosopher.

Vishwanath experienced measles of literature in his teenage and measles of philosophy in his twenties.

Literature and philosophy seemed to be twins. The literature is sentimental whereas the philosophy is logic and rational.

He read about the history of the world philosophy and the revolutionary theories of the working class. He was lost in books for days.

He worked hard not because of sympathy or academic research of Marxism-Leninism but because of getting access to the socialist Soviet Union.

While reading them, he could have good impression on socialism.

Time was pressing. He worked day and night.

In the forward of the magazine, he wrote the peaceful relations between Soviet Union and India. And he wrote the successes gained in the different fields of Soviet Union. He edited the articles in a diversified way, adding illustrations.

"Soviet Land" was ready virtually single-handedly by Vishwanath in a form of semi-political magazine as desired by the Soviet people.

He worked hard and finished the draft magazine in five days. It was handed over to Effimov, who asked him to come the following day.

Effimov welcomed him in the entrance and was very much satisfied and highly appreciated Vishwanath. He said the Soviet ambassador read the magazine, too, and was pleased with this young journalist. Vishwanath's face wore no countenance but he sighed of relief inwardly.

Turning a page by another, Effimov requested him to replace

some photos. Upon the agreement, Vishwanath finished the edition of the first issue of "Soviet Land."

"My friend, please help me some more, once you started. Could you print the magazine for us?" Vishwanath already became the badly needed man for Effimov. In those days, the Soviet Embassy had no printing facilities. Although they had one, Effimov thought it would be better to depend on the young and able local people like Vishwanath.

"I believe you would kindly cooperate with our work to the last."

"Of course, I will."

Coming out of the embassy, he had no idea where to get it printed. He had no familiar printing house in Delhi. However, he did not disclose his agony. It was said that so famous Heinrich Heine started to speak out his agony, everybody began to yawn.

"I must find out a printing house at any cost. I must do what I must."

Vishwanath bought a bicycle.

Since then on, he marched on the bicycle. He continued his march, starting with foot, then bicycle, then Mercedes-Benz and the international airplanes at last.

Asking the passers-by and looking at signboards, he searched the city.

After a few days, he could find out several presses and collected the samples printed there. He visited Effimov with those samples.

Effimov selected one among the samples and requested him to have the edited manuscript printed in the press.

Vishwanath asked Effimov to be in company, but he gave Vishwanath full charge of the affair, saying that he would pay the printing bill.

Vishwanath tried hard to have it printed in the Shakti Press.

It took two weeks to compose the types, as it was done manually. Vishwanath gave the helping hand to them. Reading the galley proofs, the Soviet people were not satisfied with the types. Vishwanath had to replace the types and finished the printing on November 5. That was two days before the Soviet national day.

The Soviet ambassador was in full satisfaction.

With a relief of having successfully finished his job,

Vishwanath had the first day-off in Delhi.

Luckily, it was Diwali festival of light.

All the buildings were bright with the lamps, illuminating the whole city. People enjoyed, eating sweets and exchanging gifts.

It was the first Diwali festival of light after the independence of India. The streets were full of vigor.

Vishwanath was walking the night street alone, missing his family in Pandori Bibi village.

On November 7, Vishwanath was officially invited to a national holiday party arranged in the Soviet Embassy. He put on good suits after a long time.

The copies of "Soviet Land" made by Vishwanath were distributed to the participants. They talked about the successes of Soviet Union.

After the official speeches, the atmosphere became free and cordial.

Effimov introduced Vishwanath to the Soviet Ambassador who again introduced him to Jawaharlal Nehru, the Prime Minister of India

"Your Excellency Prime Minister, this young journalist is Vishwanath who sincerely helped us publishing the first issue of 'Soviet Land'. He is a good friend of ours. Thank you very much, indeed, Your Excellency, for helping us."

"It is a pleasure."

Nehru in white hat was happy at the compliments of the ambassador and stretched out his hand and shook hands with Vishwanath.

"Help them well in the future, too."

Vishwanath was tense.

A waiter brought three glasses.

Nehru stood up and proposed a toast and clinked glasses with young Vishwansth.

It was beyond his imagination that he could meet so famous Prime Minister Nehru in this grand banquet of worldly character.

Vishwanath read Jawaharlal Nehru's autobiography the "Unification of India." He had been the hope of the nation even before the independence.

Nehru was one of the leaders who had fought for the

independence of India. As one of the leaders of the National Congress, he was the successor to Mahatma Gandhi.

Nehru had been charged with the anti-British agitation and imprisoned for 10 years. On the occasion of the 10th anniversary of the socialist October Revolution, he visited Soviet Union and highly praised Lenin. While visiting many countries, he made efforts to establish the relations between the anti-imperialist anti-Fascist forces and the India national movement. In the World War II, he had supported Soviet Union.

With the independence of India, he was elected the first Prime Minister.

Jawaharlal Nehru thought the future of India was socialism. He tried to make the social compromise instead of class struggle. During his service term, he did a lot for the state-controlled economy and for the social welfare measures to eliminate the colonial and feudal structure.

He led the newly independent country to the building of a new society against the long-standing remnants of colonialism.

Vishwanath emerged as a person who was supported by the renowned Government Prime Minister, after he arrived in Delhi. This was another opportunity that would grant the favorable circumstances for his future activities.

By the help of Effimov, Vishwanath could meet the diplomatic missions from the different countries in charge of the friendship and cultural relations in the banquet hall.

Before the independence, India had the diplomatic relations with Soviet Union, Canada and some other countries. This might be a token of “autonomy” given by the British colonialists.

After the independence, India established the diplomatic relations with the majority of the socialist countries.

At the age of 21, he came to Delhi where there was no acquaintance but now he made acquaintance with Indian Prime Minister and the foreign diplomatic missions.

What made him stand in this position, then?

Perhaps, this was the fruit of his special enthusiasm to live and work in a sincere and enterprising way.

It was a lucky day full of excitement, tension, hope and zeal.

Old Barakamba Road looked brighter. He took the first step

towards his bright future. The unfathomable ecstasy poured into his heart.

The crane on the gate of his native home was always flying in his mind. Now, Vishwanath was freely flying in the sky of the "Utopian" world.

However, he did not know yet where his mental crane could find its free and peaceful nest.

6. Life is life

Nobody denies that human life is supported by the material life.

History witnessed a lot of fights for the material.

The main fight was the contradiction among the different classes.

Marx evolved the doctrine of surplus value in his book "The Capital." This doctrine clarified the main economic law of capitalism and exposed the secret of capitalist exploitation. It is, therefore, of special significance in the history of the revolutionary struggle of the working class.

Everybody watches history and lives in history.

After three months' stay in Delhi, his wallet was becoming thin, although he did not enjoy a luxurious life.

The cold reality required money every time.

"Where can I borrow money?"

He had nowhere to borrow money. He began to fall into the attack of life.

"Beginning was fine but what a position it is."

He was in fidget, without finding any wayout.

"Shall I ask money from my parents? No, I want to show them only the looks of self-reliant son."

"Or shall I ask to the Soviet embassy? No, never will I beg them."

Vishwanath and Effimov did not speak of money.

They were the intellectuals who valued the morality rather than the money.

They valued the trust and friendship more than the money.

Vishwanath did not want his prestige to fall, although leading a poor life. His life was poor but his self-respect was rich.

In the early January, 1948 when the 3rd issue of "Soviet Land" was ready, Effimov discussed with Vishwanath about the plan of publishing issue No. 1 for the New Year. All of a sudden, Effimov asked Vishwanath.

"How much money do you want?"

The word "money" sounded offensive to Vishwanath' ears. Tacitly, he wondered whether he was hired.

"My pocket is empty, now. But I did not come to Delhi for money or wealth. I only wanted to do a big thing. I never want to be hired by anyone."

This was his nature and life principle.

Even now, therefore, he did not hesitate to speak to the world that he had followed the Juche idea not because he was hired by the DPRK but because his heart and soul accepted the ideology as a faith.

Vishwanath was a man of strong self-respect. He felt relieved only when he controlled the world, without kneeling down before anyone.

Effimov lightly touched the pay issue at last but was surprised at the sight of no gladness on the face of Vishwanath. "In this world, nobody can take even a step, without money. Why, then?"

Moneyless man is just like a toothless wolf.

Vishwanath still remained stiffened.

"I am not a staff here. Why do I get money from you?"

Now, Effimov understood his mind and corrected his word, laughing loudly.

"O no, it is not money. I am sorry for my wrong expression. It is the reward for your help. Please accept our sincerity."

"OK, thanks."

His seemingly reluctant countenance told that he and Effimov

were on the equal footing.

Money could solve many things but not the inborn quality.

"How much do you want?"

"No wanting."

Vishwanath was patient.

"You must have an idea."

"As you wish."

Effimov was moved or daunted by this young man's patience.

"What about 300 rupees a month?"

"As you like."

This settled the practical issue that remained mute for three months.

Vishwanath agreed and received 900 rupees for the three months' reward. It was a big amount in those days. Vishwanath was relieved, thinking that he could manage his life, without depending on his parents.

Now, the thought of Santosh Kumari flashed into his mind.

How wonderful it is to have a woman who is waiting for him!

When he was busy, he could not think of her. Once he had money, he remembered his promise with her. His heart was beating high with the hope of keeping the promise.

A man cannot live only on air.

Life is life. He rented a 2-room flat in the centre of Delhi. He got an address, now.

He sent the letters in that address to Lahore and Pandori Bibi…

Several replies came to his address. Now, human life began. The life in a large and busy city of Delhi!

Vishwanath sent for his wife, Santosh Kumari. The room was large enough for the couple. The rent was 40 rupees a month.

At that time, Santosh Kumari was wearing the glasses. Vishwanath smiled. This is also life.

Santosh Kumari was praying Lord Shiva for the luck against the evils.

Since then, he entrusted his family life upon Santosh Kumari and increased the scope of his social activities.

In this period, Mahatma Gandhi, the great saint in India was assassinated.

He anxiously appealed upon the Hinduists and the Muslims to

unite. However, ushering in 1948, the atmosphere of Delhi became worse. As the last means, he began a hunger strike. The Hinduist leaders who were moved by this decided to protect the Muslims living in India. However, some Hinduists complained that as long as Gandhi was in life, they could not set up the pure Hinduist State. On January 30, a right-wing terrorist shot him to death, when he was going to pray, after 10-day hunger strike.

Gandhi who had insisted upon non-violence, fighting for India was killed at the age of 80 by the Hinduist he had loved so much.

He wrote. “I am neither a saint nor a politician. I am a man who is accumulating experience.”

His body was cremated in the suburbs of New Delhi, according to the Hinduist ritual. And his ashes were spread in the Ganges River, the Kumari Cape, the Indian Ocean, the Arabian Sea and the Bengal Bay.

Tens of thousands of the people went to his funeral ceremony and paid condolence in Rajgat. Vishwanath was one of them.

It is said that many women got married with him mentally.

He was kind-hearted; with this kind-heartedness, he tried to win.

Why, then, did his soul lead to the failure of the upsurging national liberation movement?

Fight only could achieve everything desired.

Paying condolence, Vishwanath prayed for peace among the different sects. He waited for a broad vessel and ideology that could embrace all the people.

Time flied and Vishwanath became the father of a daughter. He loved his daughter Neelam very much. Santosh Kumari took full charge of her daughter. Vishwanath spent most of the time, editing the articles and photos of the prosperous socialist Soviet Union in the period of Stalin for “Soviet Land” day and night.

In 1949, Soviet Union succeeded in the test of the first atomic bomb. The world made a great fuss about this. It was the period of the cold war between Soviet Union and the USA.

The US newspapers reported it would take Soviet Union 10 or 20 years to produce atomic bomb. However, Soviet Union had the atomic bomb in a short span of time to defend the October achievements. The tragedy of Hiroshima and Nagasaki made Soviet

Union to produce the thermo-nuclear weapons.

This was followed by the production of the hydrogen bomb. This told that Soviet Union was going ahead of the USA in the production of the nuclear fusion bomb.

This magazine had a lot of articles and photos that showed the successes made by Soviet Union, having influence upon the world.

As its circulation increased, he shifted its printing centre from the Shakti to the New Age, the printing house of the Communist Party of India.

The magazine was then published both in English and Hindi, after one year.

With each day passing by, many more works waited for Vishwanath. Many embassies of the socialist countries in Delhi gave orders of publication to Vishwanath. They must have thought Vishwanath, the young journalist trusted by the Prime Minister as a man of powerful printing ability. “Soviet Land” got more popular with its diversified forms and contents.

Vishwanath full of vigor read the books at nights and was lost in his works by daytime.

He began to dream about a business of his own. He planned to begin with a small company.

Without his own business, he had to always depend on others.

It was the urgent practical issue for Vishwanath, but he had not enough experience. Once determined, he had to do. This was to pave up his road and help socialism, following it.

He set up a company involving five persons and named it Interads. In this company Ltd., everybody helped Vishwanath, who distributed profit equally.

With the progress of his business, Interads became the “Advertising Empire” in the world, with its branch offices in the different countries.

His company is situated in Asaf Ali road, New Delhi. Vishwanath was the president of the council of the company. Vishwanath worked jointly with S. P. Chopra, a very close friend from Lahore. All the company members were busy with their jobs.

In 1951, he came across the news of the Korean War. Through the Soviet Embassy, he had the better knowledge of the socialist countries. He wondered whether small Korea that was liberated five

years ago could defeat the USA that boasted of its "strong might."

He met the Americans for the first time in the Christian College for the Americans in Lahore. These "apostles of peace" distributed the pamphlets that praised America to the innocent Indian students. The pamphlets did not mention at all the bad things such as having killed the indigenous Indians, its military intervention and having hatched plots of overthrowing other governments.

Earlier, an Austrian emperor said. "In every turbulent place, we can find the Americans."

The DPRK, a young country was fighting single-handedly against the allied forces headed by the USA.

What will happen to Korea?

The world kept eyes on Korea. If things went wrong, another small country in Asia would become the victim of Washington, causing a tragedy.

It was not Korea but the USA that was suffering, with the passage of time. This was beyond imagination.

To everybody's surprise, in the 3-year war, Korea won victory, after defeating the invaders.

The vicious Americans divided Korea into the north and the south.

The USA broke war to occupy the whole Asia but was defeated for the first time in the history in the Korean War.

The people over the world came to know that the Korean people were not weak but heroic.

This was all Vishwanath knew. Vishwanath was too busy to think about Korea any more.

He made every effort for his business to win the competition for survival.

He had to shape his destiny by himself, without depending on others.

By daytime, he made contracts with the different printing houses and at nights, he read the books on the socialist theory and the business management.

A man could succeed when he had strong will and big ability. For the success of his business, he had to be prepared in a political, scientific and practical way.

He tried to maintain the good relations with many people, too.

After having a close relation with the New Age Printing House, he increased the number of his partners in the different printing houses.

Interads workers busily moved here and there, according to the command of Vishwanath. Most of the advertisement orders were from Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Hungary, Poland, China and the other socialist countries. He had the right business. He had too many works to do, with the developing socialist countries.

He was regularly supplied with the materials from the Soviet Embassy for "Soviet Land."

The socialist Soviet Union continuously demonstrated its might. In the 1950s, Soviet Union consolidated its international prestige. It had built the nuclear reactor, the nuclear-powered ice-breaking ship. It succeeded in the test launch of the first inter-continental ballistic missile and the first satellite. While editing "Soviet Land", he could build his mental pillar for socialism.

It was not the most developed industrial state but scored the admiring successes. This was the proof of the advantages of the socialist system.

"Soviet Land" became more and more popular. Vishwanath was the manager of the "Land", harvesting crops for his life.

He created his life, instead of turning his face away from the life.

While reading and editing its materials, he had a desire to see the socialist Soviet Union with his own eyes. The opportunity came to him. He was invited by TASS to visit Soviet Union for the discussion of printing books on politics and the friendly relations. He kindly accepted the invitation.

In January 1954, Vishwanath paid his first foreign visit to the socialist Soviet Union.

"My way is always one. I go to Moscow!"

Towards the infinite sky
Towards the bright light
Towards the free air
The bird spread free wings
Under the rays of the sun.
O, bird! Fly to the edge of the universe!